



All The Reasons Why Eddie Loves Richie

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Genre: Angst, Fluff, M/M, don't have a beta either so forgive me for any mistakes, haven't written anything fleshed out like this since last summer so forgive me for fuck ups, might be a little ooc but I'm working on it, yeah this is pretty fuckin gay

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Summary:

When Bill asked Eddie why he was in love with Richie, Eddie's entire head had gone blank. So, of course, after a few seconds of strange, expectant silence in Bill's kitchen, Eddie had given possibly the lamest response:

He'd just shrugged, made direct eye contact with Bill, and said, "because I am; it's hard to explain".

1. Chapter 1

When Bill asked Eddie why he was in love with Richie, Eddie's entire head had gone blank. So, of course, after a few seconds of strange, expectant silence in Bill's kitchen, Eddie had given possibly the lamest response:

He'd just shrugged, made direct eye contact with Bill, and said, "because I am; it's hard to explain".

They stayed like that in silence for a long moment before Bill smiled warmly and nodded, turning back to the tracing the rim of the glass in front of him, Eddie's cheeks flushing as he turned back to looking at the pen drawing of "LOVER" Richie had drawn on his arm every day since his cast was removed, the V a blazing red amongst the stark black of the other letters.

He'd "borrowed" Mrs. K's off-limit Sharpies for that.

Later that same night, Eddie's answer to Bill's question was *very* different.

He lay awake in his bed, absentmindedly running his fingertips along the back of Richie's hand, coke-bottle glasses on his bedside table beneath the dimly-lit lamp, soft snores coming from the raven-haired boy who'd been asleep beside him for nearly a half an hour now, their fingers laced together.

Eddie, looking at Richie's stupid, crinkled Hawaiian shirt and his long lashes and curls and his open mouth, knew *exactly* why he loved Richie.

He remembered the first time he'd realized that what he felt for Richie wasn't like what he felt for the rest of the Losers, all of the boys plus Bev, who was visiting for the summer, sitting around at the quarry, Bill, Bev, and Ben sitting on some rocks and having a conversation about the history of some city that Ben was studying for a personal summer project, Stan sitting beside Bill, looking up at the

trees and sky as if searching for something; probably birds. Mike was busy at the farm, unable to come and see them for the day, and Eddie was standing by a tree stump, his and Richie's tree stump, waiting for Trashmouth Tozier, who was, unsurprisingly, still absent about a half an hour after the agreed-upon meet-up time.

When he had finally arrived, he'd just made some stupid inappropriate joke, as he always does, when Bill had asked him where he'd been ("six inches deep in Eddie's mom", "Shut up, Trashmouth!"), and although Richie's tone was bright, the light didn't quite reach his dark eyes, which were weighed down by barely visible bags, but his friends knew him well enough. A twinge of anxiety bloomed like flowers in Eddie's chest.

Richie, who had begun bantering with Bill and Beverly, had turned and noticed Eddie staring, causing the smaller of the two to blush straight to his ears, immediately averting his gaze to the tree stump, passing the staring off as expectancy, smiling as Richie appeared to have an "*oh*" moment, slipping off his jacket and tossing it to Eddie, who proceeded to lay it all the way across the stump and sit down, Richie pushing him over a little so that he could sit down, too.

And then, everything went quiet, a certain, unusual discomfort settling over the group.

Of course, nobody was surprised that the usual "Almighty Trashmouth" was quiet that day; Eddie wasn't the only one who could tell when something was wrong with Richie.

"R-Richie, y-y-you look l-like shit," Bill had said, and when Richie had tried to respond with another joke ("better than Eddie's mom when I--"), Eddie had elbowed him gently and given him a look that said, "*be serious*".

Richie had sighed and slumped his shoulders a little, shrugging, "I've been having trouble sleeping lately; I'm okay", glancing down at Eddie with a look that replied, "*don't push it right now. Later*".

Eddie looked into Richie's eyes for a long second before nodding, and Richie nodded back, putting on a grin and returning to his banter with Bill and Bev, unaware of Eddie's worried gaze.

By the time the sun had set and the sky was painted shades of pink and orange and red, it was just Eddie and Richie left; they'd been alone together for about 10 minutes now, Bill and Beverly the last two to leave, Bill offering to walk her home when she'd said that she had to go.

Richie had sighed and dropped his head on Eddie's shoulder as soon as the two were out of earshot, causing the hypochondriac to jump just a little, but Richie didn't say anything, only intensifying Eddie's already-overflowing worry.

A few more minutes passed before Eddie had decided to break the silence, his own voice deafening to his own ears.

"Why can't you sleep, Richie?"

Richie sucked in a deep breath, and seemed to hold it in for an eternity, before speaking quietly.

"I've been having nightmares, where It, It..." he swallowed hard and pulled in another, shakier breath. "Where It kills you, Eddie."

Eddie's breath had caught in his throat, his fingers instinctively reaching for his fanny pack to pull out his aspirator, but Richie had beaten him to it, slipping it into his hand and watching him take a puff or two before continuing with a trembling voice and hands, Eddie's heart at his feet seeing him like this.

"It, It just grabs you, r-right around your neck, and It just squeezes and squeezes until, until there's blood everywhere, a-and--"

Eddie heard a snuffle and immediately floundered a little, grabbing Richie's shoulders and gently pushing him back just enough to look into his misty eyes, the dark brown orbs looking anywhere but at him, Eddie's hands slipping from Richie's shoulders to Richie's face, holding his cheeks just like he'd done for him back in the house on 29 Niebolt Street the year before, and mumbled, "Richie, look at me".

When Richie had complied, Eddie had not expected to once again

lose his breath, his heart shooting into his throat, but for an entirely different reason than fear.

Richie had looked down at him with big, glittery eyes from behind his thick-framed glasses, his eyes brimming with glossy tears and tear-lines streaking down his cheeks, which Eddie gently wiped at with the pads of his thumbs, his heartbeat absolutely skyrocketing, staring at Richie like a deer in the headlights, the blood rushing straight to his cheeks.

“It’s okay, Richie,” he’d hastily said when Richie’s eyebrows had started to knit together with confusion and anxiety, “we killed it, remember? It’s gone, and, and I’m here! I’m okay, see?”

Eddie reached down and grabbed Richie’s hands, bringing them up to both sides of his face, fighting the urge to push away all those germs just so that Richie could feel how alive Eddie was, the hot blood in his cheeks and the soft skin.

Richie had smiled just a little, his thumbs rubbing little circles on Eddie’s cheekbones, and Eddie had given him the best, brightest smile he could manage at the moment, at full attention when Richie finally spoke again.

“Can I come spend the night with you?”

Eddie hadn’t even needed to think before he was nodding vigorously, standing up and pulling Richie to his feet with him, gathering up his jacket from off the stump.

They had been about halfway through the trail back to town when Eddie realized, suddenly, that he and Richie had never let go of each other’s hands, their fingers intertwined as they walked in comfortable silence, heat still welled in Eddie’s freckled cheeks from when Richie had looked up at him back at the quarry, and suddenly, as he looks back up at Richie’s face, framed by his dark curls, it all just hits him, with such an intensity that he almost stops dead in his tracks, and he’s almost afraid to think the words to himself.

He’s in *love* with Richie fucking “Trashmouth” Tozier.

He stays deep in thought, thinking about all the times he'd felt this before hand, all the *millions* of times, for the rest of the walk to their bikes, stealing glances at Richie's pale face, the sunlight filtering through the trees in patterns against his skin, giving a giggle when Richie gives a genuine smile and cracks a real joke ("you don't have to worry about asking for permission, Mrs. K's expecting me") , a smile that reaches his eyes and brings a shine to them, Eddie responding with an affectionate "*fuck off*" and a punch.

Richie and Eddie's chuckles slowly calm down until there's warm smiles on their faces, and suddenly, Eddie felt a pair of warm and chapped lips on his cheek, and, just like that, Richie had sped off on his bike, yelling, "*that's for your mom!*", leaving Eddie feeling as though his entire face has been set ablaze, straight to his neck and ears, a soft smile gracing his lips before he, too, had mounted his bike, to go home and prepare himself for the night ahead.

Even though he couldn't put it into words, Eddie Kaspbrak knew exactly why he loved Richie Tozier.

2. Richie's Turn

Richie had raised himself on the preconceived idea that love was useless, a silly, childish concept meant entirely to comfort people, "save" them from their neglectful home lives or their miserable childhoods.

Maybe that's why, when middle school rolled around, Richie Tozier found himself falling in love--with his best friend.

Eddie mother-of-all-fuckers Kaspbrak was one hell of a boy, and whenever the topic of the loverboy comes up, Richie's trashmouth never closes. He tries to ignore it at first, push it away with persistent "your mom" jokes and playful insults, but he can't resist teasing himself. He brushes his knuckles against Eddie's in the hallway at school or when they're walking home together, winking at him after kissing his cheek or making a "sarcastic" flirt. He'd tried telling himself to stop for so long now, but he just found that he couldn't.

So, of course, one night, while Richie and Eddie are laying together in the hypochondriac's room one night, Richie just *breaks*.

Richie, after a long night with Bev, smoking cigarettes and coming home to arguing parents, dragged himself through Eddie's bedroom window at around half past midnight. The smaller of the two boys, laying comfortably in his bed, rolled over to sleepily peer at Richie, who had, by then, slipped off his shoes beneath the window (to at least give Eds that comfort), and slipped under the covers as Eddie pulled them back wordlessly.

It had been like this for as long as Richie could remember, him sneaking through Eddie's window and into Eddie's arms, no questions asked or expectations other than, "*ew, Richie, keep your shoes off my sheets*". They'd fall asleep with Richie's chest pressed to Eddie's back, holding him close, or Eddie's face buried in Richie's neck, a few softly mumbled "*goodnight*"s and a few "*beep beep, Richie*"s.

Tonight, however...Richie wanted tonight to be different.

By the time Richie had pulled the blanket over himself and settled into the bed, conforming to his body after so many nights of sleeping in it already, Eddie was already watching him expectantly. Richie lifted his arm a little bit, Eddie immediately shifting and settling against him, his head resting just at the base of Richie's neck, goosebumps rising wherever Eddie's soft breaths hit.

It didn't take long for Richie to realize that Eddie was already asleep, the boy's breaths coming slowly and steadily, easily, and he finds that he can't help but gaze down at him, his soft, parted lips, his peaceful expression and the way that strands of his soft brown hair have fallen across his forehead. He slowly lifts a hand to Eddie's face, hesitating for a moment before brushing his fingertips across Eddie's forehead, the strands of hair catching against his fingers, drowsily tucking them back by his ear. He shifts his hand to rest against the side of Eddie's face, lightly rubbing his thumb along Eddie's cheek, so hesitant even though he's done this so, so many times before, his lips pressing a soft kiss to the sleeping boy's forehead, so afraid of waking him up.

He always did it anyway, and it never woke Eddie up.

This time, Richie has no idea what's gotten into him, but he just *knows* he can't let this night end like all the other ones have. He's gonna open his trashmouth, he's gonna say the wrong thing, it's never gonna come out as eloquent as he wants it to, but he knows he needs to say what he's feeling, gently gripping Eddie's shoulder and shaking him. The flowers that have been growing and blooming in his chest since seventh grade suddenly seem to burst into his lungs and peek from between the bars of his ribcage; pink, Eddie's favorite color, and he shifts.

"Mmm...what, Richie?" his voice when he wakes isn't like Richie's, or Big Bill's, or Mike's; it isn't rough and gravelly, it's soft and quiet and sweet, free of his everyday anxieties and fears, free of his mother's grip.

And Richie Trashmouth Tozier, for one of those rare times in his life, *fucking freezes.*

Eddie waits expectantly for about 10 seconds before he suddenly catches on that something's not quite right, his eyes slowly opening with a few rapid blinks, eyebrows knit together in confusion. His fist clenches and unclenches in Richie's shirt a few times before he looks up into his friend's eyes.

"Richie, what's wrong?" Eddie's voice is so soft, so damn sweet, so full of concern. It fills Richie's ears like music. "Did something happen at home...?"

The lankier boy quickly shakes his head, a few black curls falling across his face, into his eyes, before being pushed away by Eddie's gentle, stubby fingers. He sucks in a deep breath.

And he does it.

Richie, for the first time, and hopefully not the last, kisses Eddie Kasprak straight on the lips.

It's not a long kiss; at least, Richie doesn't think it is, it's not nearly long enough, but it's like kissing the moon and every single star in the night sky for Richie. They stare at each other, then, twin pairs of brown, before one of Eddie's fists is suddenly balled in Richie's shirt, the other at the back of Richie's neck, pulling his lips back in.

In this moment, this perfect moment, Richie knows that all those "sparks" everyone talks about are bullshit, that whatever he feels when he's kissing Eddie is something he can't even begin to describe. He quickly wraps one arm around Eddie's waist, his other hand finding Eddie's soft brown hair, pulling him closer, matching grins on their faces by the time they pull away. Eddie's cheeks are flushed bright red, and Richie's sure that his are, too, a series of giggles escaping both boys. Eddie's voice is clear and happy, the soft light of the lamp illuminating his face just enough for Richie to see the glint in his eyes.

"I thought I was gonna have to do it myself."

Notes for the Chapter:

Super sorry that it took so long for me to write this, I

had to get some ideas because I wanted chapter 2 to be from Richie's "perspective".

Author's Note:

Ayye, follow me on Tumblr @eddie-loverboy-kaspbrak